

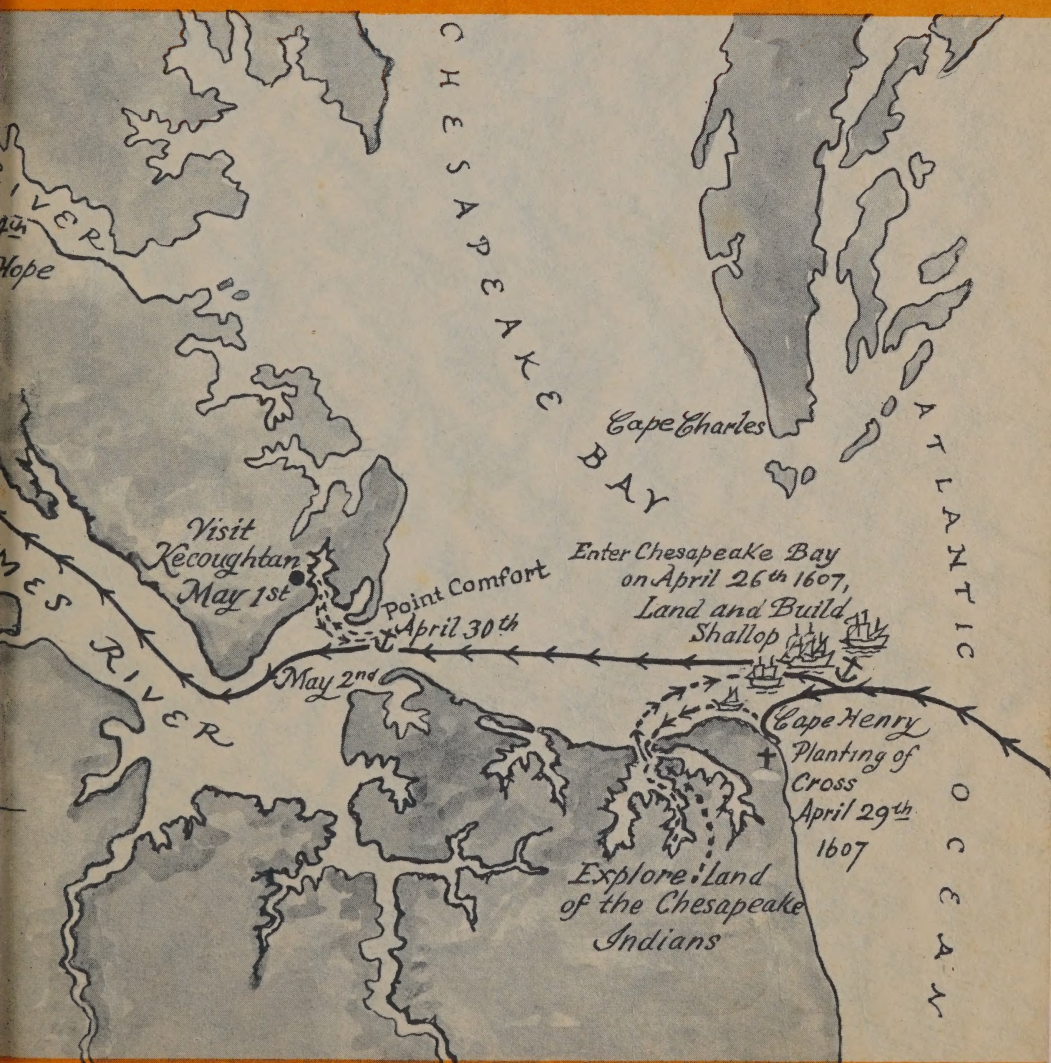
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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF

Captain John Smith



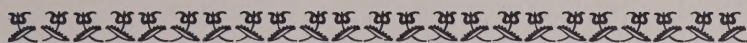
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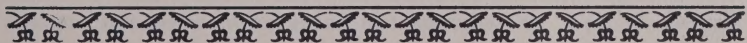
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF

Captain John Smith

By

BILLUPS HARRIS

1957



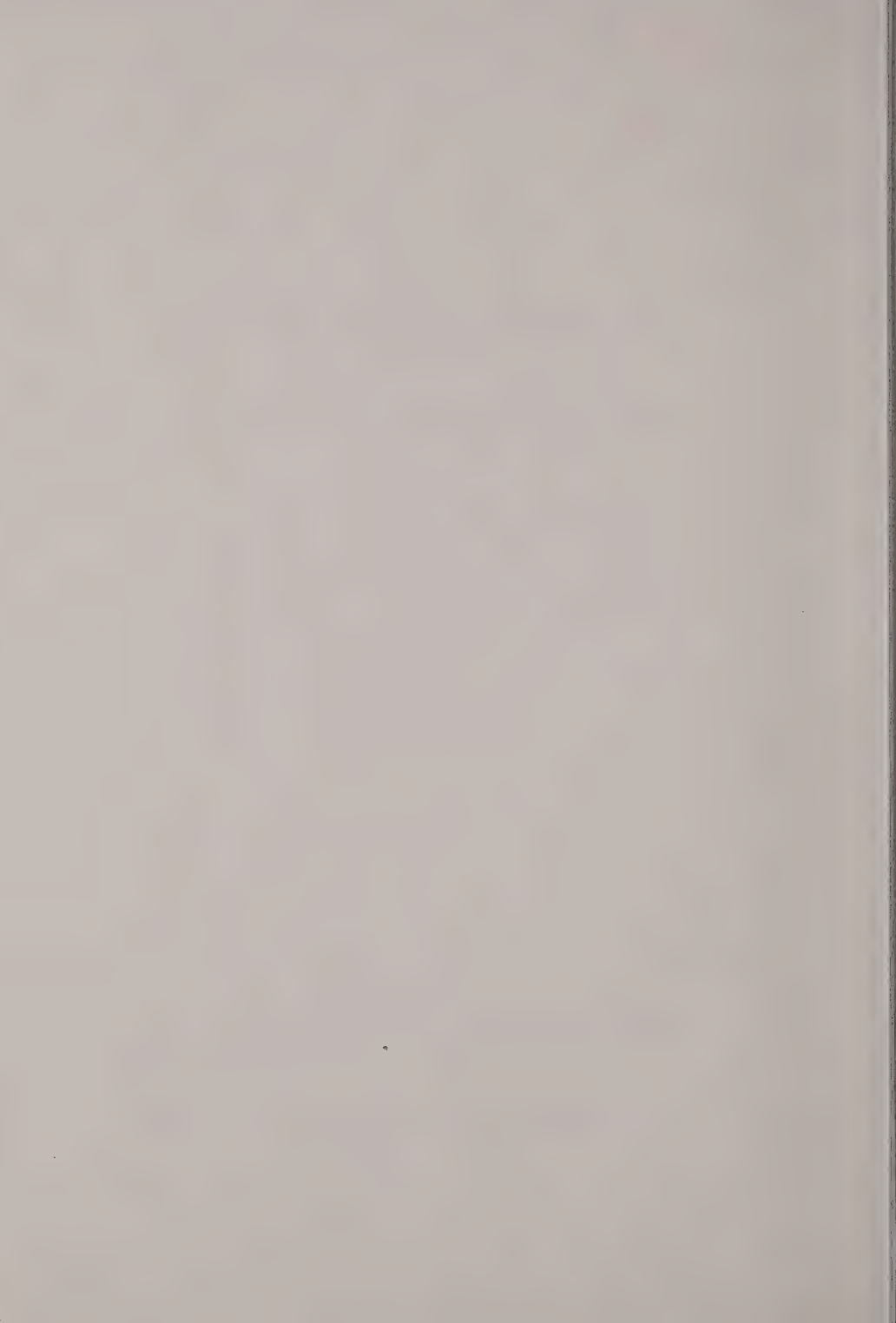
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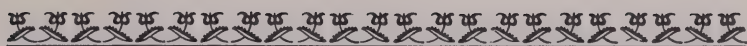
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For the material used in this story of the amazing adventures of Captain John Smith, the author expresses his indebtedness to many sources but especially Mr. John Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors."

B. H.





Captain John Smith

TO MOST PEOPLE Captain John Smith is known only as the man whose life was saved by Pocahontas, the young daughter of Powhatan. But there is a good deal more to the story of Smith than that. He was then 27 years of age and already had seen many adventures in the strange countries of Eastern Europe, and after this dramatic rescue by the Indian girl, it was his superb courage and daring — and hers — that saved Jamestown, the first English settlement to survive in the wilderness of North America.

His life reads like fiction and abounds in incidents which are almost beyond belief.

John Smith was born January 9, 1580, in Lincolnshire, England, where his father tenanted a farm for Lord Willoughby. Not much is known of his early years except that he went to the Grammar School at Alford, and always wanted to go to sea. At his father's death he was left, he says, "a competent means, which (he) not being capable to manage, little regarded."

When about sixteen he was apprenticed to Sir Thomas Sendall, the leading merchant of Lynn, but with his craving for adventure he was not suited for that business and soon left it.

With a son of Lord Willoughby he went across the Channel to Orleans, where young Willoughby turned back for

home, but Smith was determined to go on. He got a little money from his guardian and proceeded to Paris, where he tarried while his money lasted, and then made his way somehow to Rouen and joined a company of free lances, under Captain Josiah Duberry, an English soldier of fortune. The Company went to the Low Countries, where for four years Smith fought with the Dutch and the French against the Spaniards. After that hard service, he took a ship at Enkhui-zen, a port in Holland, for Leith, Scotland. The vessel was wrecked at Holy Island, but Smith swam ashore, and went to Edinburgh. On his visit to Paris, four years before, he met a Scotsman named David Hume, who, borrowing some of Smith's money, gave him letters of introduction to people in Edinburgh who would present him to the court of King James. Hume's influential friends proved to be mythical, but Smith found "much kinde usage among those honest Scots."

Returning to his old home in England, he must have been considerably bored by the villagers wanting to hear tall tales from the young man back from foreign wars. For he says, in his *True Travels*, "Within a short time, being gluttred with too much company wherein he took small delight . . . he retired himself into a little woody pasture, a good way from any town, environed with many hundreds of acres of woods. Here by a fair brook he built himself a pavilion of boughs where only in his clothes he lay. His study was Michiavelli's *Art of War* and Marcus Aurelius; his exercise a good horse, with lance and ring; his food was thought to be more of venison than anything else." This wooded retreat palled on him, however. "He was desirous to see more of the world and try his fortune against the Turks, both lamenting and repenting to have seen so many Christians slaughtering one another."

At this time the Turkish Empire stretched from the central provinces of Hungary to the Mediterranean, where English

ships were captured and their crews taken to Northern Africa as slaves. The Turks still held the Holy land, and to try their fortune against the infidel was for the fighting men of Christendom, the thing to do. But this was 1600, the Middle Age just passing out, and the spirit of adventure was perhaps as potent an influence as religious zeal. For it was a new world. It had not been long since Drake in the *Golden Hind* had first carried the English flag around the world; Bacon, the philosopher, called America "the greatest birth of time"; and Sir Walter Raleigh had been making attempts to found an English colony in Virginia.

So John Smith, 20 years of age now, started out to fight the Turks. On the way, in the Netherlands, he met four Frenchmen who seemed to be lying in wait for just such an ambitious, and probably vainglorious young man. They promised, if he would go with them to France, that they would get from the Duchess de Mercoür letters to her husband, the Duke, who was in command of an army under Emperor Rudolph, the ruler of the part of Hungary not controlled by the Turks. Smith, with an eye for meeting important people, agreed, and they took a ship, and when the first French port was reached, the Frenchmen disembarked, carrying Smith's trunk with them, he being asleep at the time. The trunk contained all his clothes except the ones he wore, and his money. The captain of the ship, who seems to have been in league with the rogues, demanded Smith's cloak in payment for his passage.

Smith made his way into Brittany and tried, without success, to enlist on a warship. He wandered on, and a farmer found him lying under a tree nearly dead with grief and cold and gave him food. He then set out to see all he could of France, and finally reached Marseilles, where he got aboard a ship bound for Italy. The sea became so rough that they had

to anchor off St. Mary's Island, near Nice. Most of the passengers were on a pilgrimage to Rome, and were Anti-English, and they concluded that Smith's presence on the ship was the reason for the bad weather and threw him overboard. He got to the island, which was inhabited only by goats and pigs, and was rescued by a ship from France, the *St. Malo*. After the *St. Malo* discharged her cargo at Alexandria, Egypt, having managed to elude the Barbary pirates, she became a pirate herself. She lay in wait for one of those Venetian argosies bringing silk and other rich cargoes from the Orient, and sighting one, attacked and captured it. Exactly what Smith did while the ships were fighting it out, is not clear, but he got his share of the loot, 225 pounds sterling, and also "a little box." There is some mystery about the little box, but since Smith says that "God gave it to him" there is no way of knowing more. Some writers hazard the guess that it contained jewels.

But Smith had his fill of piracy and left the ship at Leghorn, "being glad" he says "to have an opportunity and means to better my experience by the view of Italy." His geographical curiosity seems always to have been as great as his desire for adventure. He saw many places in Italy and "satisfied himself with the rarities of Rome."

He crossed the Adriatic and met at Graz, the Earl of Meldric who promptly took him into the regiment he commanded, which was going to Ober Lembach, a fortified Hungarian town the Turks were besieging. There Smith distinguished himself by devising a system of signals. Lights were flashed from the top of a hill, and the besieged garrison, deciphering the message, was able to sally from the town at a point where they were joined by the Christian forces and the Turks were driven off with heavy loss. As a reward for his ingenuity Smith was put in command of 250 horsemen. It was then

that he became what he always chose to remain, despite the bestowal of far more important titles — Captain John Smith.

At another battle he invented what he calls "fiery dragons." These were earthen pots, filled with gunpowder and brimstone and musket balls, and covered with cloth. The fuses attached were ignited and the missiles thrown into the 'Turks' camp, with devastating results.

And now we come to one of the most spectacular incidents of Smith's career in Eastern Europe, of which he tells in his *True Travels* without a trace of bravado. Fortunately, his narrative is supported by evidence of the strongest kind. His company had been transferred into the army under Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, who was laying siege to Regal, one of the towns held by the Turks. The town was heavily fortified and its ramparts rose high above the plain on which the Christian army pitched its camp. The artillery of that day was crude, cannon being made of iron bars, bound together, and moving it about was slow work. The attack was so long delayed that the Turks, from the top of the wall, began jeering and hurling insults at the beseigers for their slowness. Finally, one of their captains sent a challenge, declaring that, "in order to delight the ladies who did long to see some court-like pastime, he did defy any captain that had command of a company, who durst combat with him for his head."

The Christians accepted the challenge and to determine which of their captains should act for them lots were drawn, and Smith was the one. A truce was arranged so that both sides could witness the single combat. The beseiging army was drawn up in full array, and the wall was lined with veiled ladies and turbaned soldiers. At the sound of music the challenger rode out in a suit of armor, "on his shoulders were fixed a pair of wings of eagle feathers, with a ridge of silver richly garnished with gold and precious stones." Then came

Smith, attended by a page boy carrying his lance. At a signal, the two horsemen charged at each other, and Smith's lance pierced through the Turk's visor, killing him. Smith dismounted, and according to the rules of the combat, cut off the Turk's head.

The Turks were furious. Another of their captains immediately sent a personal challenge to Smith, and the next day they met at the place of combat. At the first encounter both lances were shattered. The combatants drew pistols. The Turk was wounded in the arm, and losing control of his horse was thrown. Smith dropped to the ground and beheaded him. Not long afterwards, Smith sent a challenge, saying he wanted the ladies to know that he was not so much enamored of the two Turks' heads, and that if any one of their servants of the proper rank would care to try to redeem them, he would give him the chance. This challenge was promptly accepted, and the Turk chosen for the combat having the choice of weapons, chose, instead of the lance, with which he had seen Smith perform, battle-axes. Smith was not expert with this weapon and after a few passages his axe was knocked from his hand. But by skillful horsemanship he wheeled about and drew his sword, and with that he ran the Turk through the side. In a moment he had his head.

The Prince of Transylvania, who was not at the siege, and the final fall of Regal, did not hear of Smith's valor until some months later. He then gave him his picture set in gold and granted him a coat of arms bearing three Turks' heads in a shield, with the motto "*vincere est Vivere.*" At the Heralds' College in London, in the official register of grants of arms, is the record of a coat-of-arms granted by Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, "to John Smith, captain of 250 soldiers etc. . . . in memory of three Turks' heads which with his sword before the town of Regal he did overcome, kill and

cut off, in the province of Transylvania." The entry is approved, and the genuineness of Prince Sigismund's signature attested by Sir William Segar, Garter King at Arms.

After calling attention to this often-quoted entry, John Fiske, in his delightful "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," says that the story of the three Turks was not first told by Smith, as some critics have charged, but that several years before his *True Travels* appeared, Rev. Samuel Purchas published his famous *Pilgrimes*, in which he related it, and that Purchas' source for it was a book written by Prince Sigismund's secretary, and published in Italy. And so, Fiske adds, "To the flippant criticism which treats Smith as a vapouring braggart, this simple fact is a staggering blow between the eyes."

On November 18, 1602, at the bloody battle of Rothen-thurm, the army to which Smith's company was attached was cut to pieces. Some of the cavalry escaped by swimming the river, but Smith was wounded and left on the field among the dead. The Turks, finding him alive and impressed by the richness of his armor, decided to care for him until he was well and hold him for ransom, or for a price as a slave. Smith furnishes a list of the Englishmen serving with him in this battle, and only two, besides himself, out of the nine, survived. One of them was "Ensigne Carleton." This is the Thomas Carleton, who later wrote a glowing tribute to Smith's nobility of character, which is preserved in Smith's *Works*, edited by Edward Arber, the celebrated English scholar.

In a town on the Danube, Smith with many other prisoners was sold "like beasts in the market place." His purchaser, whom Smith calls Bashaw Bogall, sent him to Constantinople as a present to his mistress, the young Charataza Tragabig-zanda. Though Smith went to her in chains, she soon had

them removed, for she liked the young Englishman who was certainly handsome enough, as is seen by an engraving from a portrait published during his life time, and soon there was a love affair. So much so, that Charataza's mother, finding out about it, had Smith sent away to the girl's brother, Timour, a pasha over a country called Nalbris. Charataza sent a letter telling him that Smith should be well treated and "should there but sojourn to learn the language, and what it was to be a Turk, till time made her master of herself." But Timour, instead of following his sister's instructions, treated Smith like the rest of his slaves. His head was shaved, an iron ring put around his neck, and he was dressed in the skin of a wild beast. He was put to work as a thresher in a field and kicked and cuffed about.

One day this Timour, while riding over his fields, became so angry with Smith that he decided to give him a beating. They were quite a distance from the castle, and Smith seeing his chance, turned on him with his threshing bat and shattered his skull. Then he hid the body in the straw, stripped off the clothes and put them on and rode away on Timour's horse. He rode hard and left Timour's country behind him, but not the memory of Timour's sister. For in 1614, when he was exploring the coast of New England, he gave the name of Tragabigzanda to the cape later called Cape Anne.

He rode for sixteen days, arriving at last at Ecopolis, on the river Don, a Russian garrison. His hardships on the journey were terrific; he dodged people whenever he saw them, for the iron ring around his neck proclaimed him an escaped slave for whom there might be a reward. But there was solace at the journey's end. The governor of the place, hearing his story, had the iron removed and was kind to him, and the governor's wife, the Lady Calamata, was kinder still. She looked after Smith very tenderly.

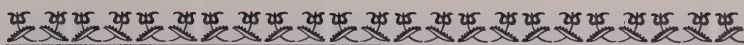
From one Russian town to another he went on, always well treated, until he reached the Polish border, and Hungary, and at Leipzig he met Prince Sigismund, who gave him fifteen ducats to help him get home. Before going home, however, Smith decided to seek a little more excitement, his thirst for action, even after all he had had, yet unquenched, and he sailed on a French ship for Barbary, where a civil war was breaking out. Arriving at Morocco, he found there was too much treachery on both sides, and returning on the same ship, he travelled for the next year in Spain, Germany and France before he finally reached his own country, about the year 1604. He was now 24 years of age.

When Captain John Smith returned to England, the country was feeling a tremendous urge to expand. The defeat of the Invincible Armada having ended Spain's long domination of the seas, and the threat of invasion, Britain could now turn her attention to colony building. There was great excitement over Virginia. That far and half fabulous new world now beckoned both to trade and adventure. Marvelous tales were told of treasure there, tales like those in the Arabian Nights. Gold and silver were used by the natives for paving the village streets and diamonds could be found almost anywhere. North America was El Dorado.


Spanish ships already had brought back from Mexico and Peru hundreds of millions in gold. But Spain, impelled by greed and fanatical hatred, plundered and destroyed. The British plan was to found self-supporting colonies. Sir Walter Raleigh, the first Englishman to have the vision of a Protestant colony in North America, had directed several attempts to plant one but all had been failures, the most tragic of which was the settlement, in 1585, on Roanoke Island, on the coast of North Carolina.



The Susan Constant, Godspeed and Discovery depart London on December 20, 1606.



The Voyage Begins

N 1606 there were new attempts at colonization and for that purpose two companies were formed: The Plymouth Company and the London Company, each operating under a royal charter, and each to have about half of Virginia. Virginia at that time comprised the whole eastern portion of North America. The continent was supposed to be a narrow peninsula, the Pacific Ocean not far from its eastern coast. Thus, by crossing Virginia a short cut could be found to the South Seas. The Plymouth Company was granted for settlement the northern part of the new country, about corresponding to the region from Maine to New York. This company's attempt in that year, 1606, to establish a colony in Maine was unsuccessful, and it is only the London Company that is of interest here.

At the time of Smith's return, the London Company was preparing its expedition to that paradise of Virginia. It is no wonder that Smith, who had known exciting adventure in other parts of the world, never seeming to have enough of it, should harken to this chance for more.

Christopher Newport was in command of the company's little fleet of three ships, and he himself was to take the *Susan Constant*. Newport was one of Raleigh's famous captains and had brought in for that famous sea-fighter one of Spain's most richly laden ships. Bartholomew Gosnold, another celebrated

voyager, was in command of the *Godspeed*, and John Ratcliffe commanded the *Discovery*. Smith met Newport and Gosnold, and the next we hear of him he was aboard one of the ships of the fleet.

Altogether on the ships, not including the crews, were 105 colonists. The little squadron, after being held up by bad weather, sailed out of the mouth of the Thames on New Year's Day, 1607. It was a long and tedious voyage, made worse by storms and the loss of reckoning. During the passage, Smith got into some trouble with Edward Wingfield, one of the members of the council for governing the colony, about what is not known, and Wingfield charging that Smith was plotting mutiny, Newport had him put in irons.

On April 26th, the ships came to a cape of the Virginia coast, which the colonists named Henry, for the Prince of Wales. The opposite cape was named for his brother, Charles. The men who were to govern the colony, the colonial council, had been selected by the company, but their names had been put in a sealed box which was not to be opened until the ships had reached Virginia. Now the box was opened, and the seven appointed members of the council were Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Wingfield, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, George Kendall, and Christopher Newport.

Continuing their voyage, they named the point at the entrance to Hampton Roads, Point Comfort, because of the good weather encountered there. The river up which they proceeded was named James, for the King, James the First. About fifty miles above the river's mouth, they selected a spot for settlement. Landing there on May 13, 1607, this company of 105 men founded Jamestown, England's first permanent colony.

The members of the council — all except Smith, who was still a prisoner, were sworn in, and Wingfield was elected

president for a year. Work was at once started on a fort, or stockade, and a church, which consisted of a board nailed between two trees for a pulpit, logs for seats, and an old sail cloth for covering. Robert Hunt, an Episcopal clergyman, there preached the first sermons in English in the wilderness of the new world.

Although Wingfield and his friends constituted a majority in the council, Smith was soon released from imprisonment, and Newport chose him as one of four gentlemen to go with him and a crew of twenty on an exploring trip up the river. They went as far as the present site of Richmond, meeting parties of Indians, who were very friendly.

On their return to Jamestown, Smith demanded a trial, and over Wingfield's protests, a jury was selected. He was acquitted of Wingfield's charges and on June 10th he was admitted as a member of the council.

The fort was soon finished, and Newport sailed for England, expecting to be back in about twenty weeks. Because of the unexpected length of the voyage from England the supply of provisions had run low and he left little for the colony. They were soon to experience some terrible hardships. One of the company wrote that they ate, from the common kettle, "half pint of wheat and as much barley for a man a day; and this having fried some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains. . . . Our only drink was water. . . . Had we been as free from all sins as gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized as saints."

Things went from bad to worse and it wasn't long before fever and disease began taking their toll. Fifty of the colonists died by the last of September. Nerves began to get on edge and there was discord. Wingfield was charged with keeping back from the others things to eat, for himself and his friends, and he was also charged with planning to desert the colony

in one of the two ships that were left. He was not only deposed as president but made to pay heavy damages for the false charges he had brought against Smith, and Ratcliffe was elected president. Wingfield wrote bitter pamphlets against Smith, and seems to have been fair to him in one respect only. He admitted he had gotten a great deal of corn for the colony by trading with the Indians.

These Indians, with whom Smith is shortly to become acquainted in a different fashion, were Algonquins, of the tribe known as Powhatans. Their principal village, about fifteen miles northeast of Jamestown, on the York River, was called Werowocomoco. The head of the tribe lived there, and his title was "The Powhatan," but he was always spoken of by the white men as Powhatan. His own name was too long and hard to pronounce. The twenty or more wigwams in the village were communal houses, each about 100 feet long, with wooden beams, covered with bark and kept very clean.

Early in December Smith set out with a few men to explore the Chickahominy River. When the stream became shallow, he left the larger boat and got into a canoe, taking with him two of the colonists and two Indian guides. They had not proceeded very far before they were attacked by about two hundred Indians with bows and arrows, led by Opekankano, brother of Powhatan. Smith's two English companions were killed and he was wounded in the thigh, but he shot down two Indians with his pistol before he was captured. His end seemed close at hand when he thought of his pocket compass. He knew something of the Indians' childish curiosity, for when he showed it to them, the quivering needle held them spellbound. They could not touch the needle and the glass protecting it puzzled them all the more. But their puzzlement did not divert them long. They bound him to a tree, and he was about to be slain, when the chief

himself took the compass to examine it. Whatever it told him, he ordered Smith released, and they marched him through the woods, exhibiting him from village to village as a curiosity, and finally they arrived at Werowocomoco.

Before he would see the strange white man, Powhatan made rather elaborate preparations to receive him in a state proper to his own dignity. When Smith was brought into the long wigwam, the old chief — he was about seventy — was sitting before a fire on a kind of platform, wearing a robe of raccoon skins, the bushy tails of which dangled like tassels. Sitting beside him were his young squaws, and behind, standing against the wall, was a row of women, their faces painted red, shoulders bare, and shells around their necks. Also there stood near a row of his warriors. After all had gazed upon the prisoner, there was a long conference before his fate was determined. Then two big stones were placed before Powhatan, and Smith was dragged to them and forced down so that his head was upon them. The warriors, with their clubs in hand, stood ready to beat his brains out, when the chief's young daughter, Pocahontas, rushed forward, embraced and shielded his head with her own. Her father spared his life.

Fiske, in his *Virginia*, after devoting a number of pages to Smith's account of the Pocahontas incident, concludes, "I have dwelt at some length upon the question of Smith's veracity for three good reasons. First, in the interest of sound historical criticism, it is desirable to show how skepticism, which is commonly supposed to indicate superior sagacity, is quite likely to result from imperfect understanding. Secondly, justice should be done to the memory of one of the noblest and most lovable characters in American history. Thirdly, the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas was an event of real historical importance. Without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony become incomprehen-



In his writings John Smith declared that Pocahontas stood over him and saved him from the death which her father had ordered.

sible. But for her friendly services on more than one occasion, the tiny settlement would probably have perished. Her visits to Jamestown and the regular supply of provisions by the Indians began at that time."

Arber, who devoted many years to the subject, is in accord with Fiske, and he says that the devoted friendship shown by Pocahontas to the colony at large, and to Smith in particular, is the strongest confirmation of his narrative. And inescapable is the conclusion that when she performed that first act of devotion, she already loved him. To the handsome young prisoner who was brave and facing death, her heart went out; she loved him, and she continued to love him. It is true that she was only about thirteen years of age, but she had lived her wild young life with nature.

Smith stayed on in Werowocomoco for two days, as, it seems, a guest of honor, and Powhatan then sent for him to come to the "house in the woods." Powhatan was "disguised in the most fearfulest manner." Smith sat by a fire and was left alone. Then "from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard." After that the old chief told him he was free to go back to Jamestown, but that he should send him a cannon and a grindstone in exchange for a piece of land.

This performance in the house in the woods has been interpreted as a ceremonial adoption of Smith into the tribe, though Smith does not seem to have known it at the time. The next time he came to Werowocomoco Powhatan proclaimed him a "Werowance," or chief, and ordered all his subjects to esteem him as one of them, a Powhatan. He also ordered that the corn, women and the country should be as much Smith's as theirs.

The day that Smith got back to Jamestown, January 8, 1608, Captain Newport's ship came up the river with the



*Captain John Smith's famous map of Virginia showed
Indian names for rivers and areas.*

long-looked-for supply of provisions. This, known as the First Supply, brought 120 new colonists. Only 38 had survived the hardships and disease, and now the total number at Jamestown was 158. But the food that Newport brought over was not enough, and Smith had to go to the Indians again for corn. He took Newport with him to Werowocomoco, and some blue glass beads that Newport had so caught Powhatan's eye that he traded quite a lot of corn for them.

Captain Newport sailed again for England, taking with him the deposed president Wingfield. In June Smith set out in an open barge, accompanied by a dozen others, to explore the Chesapeake Bay, and the Susquehanna, the Potomac and

other tributary rivers, returning, after covering some three thousand miles, about three months later. He made a map of the country he had seen, which is said to be remarkably accurate. In the meantime, Ratcliffe, charged with creating discontent, had been deposed, and Smith, immediately upon his return to Jamestown was elected president.

Newport arrived, the Second Supply, with 70 more colonists. Twenty-eight having died in the past few months, the total number was now 200. Among the new-comers were two women, the first to join the colony, a Mrs. Forrest and her maid, Anne Burroughs. The latter was soon married to John Layden, and this was the first English wedding recorded in America. Few other women came until 1619, when a ship-load of spinsters arrived, and all were quickly married.

Newport brought some remarkable orders from the London Company whose members had become very impatient concerning their investment in America. The first was that the struggling settlers find forthwith a gold mine; either that or a short-cut to the riches of the South Seas. When Newport read him this order, Smith expressed himself bluntly enough, and later when he addressed what he called his "Rude Answer" to the company itself, he, in so many words, called its members fools. The next order Smith thought was silly, but he and Newport carried it out with vast amusement. King James had come to consider Powhatan his new ally and the old chief was to be crowned. He was notified of the great honor to be conferred upon him, but he suspected a trick and would not come to Jamestown for the coronation. So Smith and Newport had to take the trappings for the ceremony to Werowocomoco, a chair of state, a scarlet robe and the crown. They had men take along also the presents that Newport had brought, among them a bed and a bason and ewer. Powhatan would not put on the robe until he was sure



In 1619 a shipload of spinsters arrived "to make wives" for the settlers.

there was nothing dangerous about it, but after he got it on he was mightily pleased with it. But he balked at kneeling to receive the crown. Kneeling was beneath his dignity. He is described as being tall and straight and looking like the monarch of the forest that he was. After great persuasion he finally stooped a little, and when the crown was placed on his head he grunted his satisfaction, and handed Newport his raccoon coat as a reciprocal present to the King of England.

On another visit to Werowocomoco, Smith and his party were treated to a masquerading scene performed by Pocahontas and her women, which is thus quaintly described by one of the Englishmen:

"In a fayre playne field they made a fire, before which (we) sitting upon a mat, suddenly amongst the woods was heard . . . a hydeous noise and shrieking. . . . Then presently (we) were presented with this anticke; thirtie young women came (nearly) naked out of the woods . . . their bodies all painted, some white, some red, some black, some particolour, but all differing; their leader had a fayre payre of buck's horns on her head, and an otter's skin at her girdle, and another at her arm, a quiver of arrows at her back, a bow and arrow in her hand; the next had in her hand a sword, another a club . . . all horned alike. . . . These fiends with most hellish shouts and cries, rushing from among the trees, cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with most excellent ill varietie; . . . having spent neare an houre in this mascarado, as they entered in like manner they departed. Having recomodated themselves, they solemnly invited (us) to their lodgings, where (we) were no sooner within the house but all these nymphes more tormented us than ever, crowding, pressing, and hanging about (us), most tediously crying, 'Love you not me?' This salutation ended, the feast was set, consisting of fruit in baskets, fish and flesh in wooden platters;

beans and peas there wanted not, nor any salvage dainty their invention could devise; some attending, others singing and dancing about (us); which mirth and banquet being ended, with firebrands (for) torches they conducted (us) to (our) lodging."

Another of the orders from the London Company was that Newport set out to find some of the lost colonists of Roanoke Island. The sturdy old seaman did his best. He scoured the country far and wide but no trace could be found of Eleanor Dare, her daughter Virginia, or any of the little group left on the North Carolina coast twenty years before. Newport also tried vainly to find the desired short-cut to the South Seas.

Smith, in his *Rude Answer* complained bitterly of the folly of these expeditions. Newport was compelled to take with him a number of men and a goodly stock of provisions, both badly needed at Jamestown, where a vast amount of work had to be done to make the settlement more habitable and secure. How this was going on is told by Anas Todkill, one of the colonists, "Thirty of us President Smith conducted five myles from the forst to . . . cut down trees and make clapboard . . . amongst the rest he had chosen two gallants of the last supply, both proper gentlemen . . . yet lodging, eating, working, or playing they were but doing as the President did himselfe . . . within a week they became masters, making it their delight to heare the trees thunder as they fell; but the axe so oft blistered their tender fingers that many times every third blow they had a loud othe to drowne the eccho, for remedie of which sinne the President devised how to have every man's othes numbered and at night for every othe to have a cann of water poured down his sleeve with which every offender was so washed (himselfe and all) that a man could scarce hear an othe in a week . . . nevertheless twentie good workmen had been better than them all."

Newport sailed again for England, taking along this time the second president to be deposed, Ratcliffe. But Ratcliffe was to return later. After trying to make trouble for Smith in England, he was to succeed in making a great deal of it in Virginia.

The Second Supply had brought a number of men not accustomed to manual labor, or to labor of any kind. They were wastrels at home and mere seekers of wild adventure in coming to Jamestown, and Smith wrote what he thought of the Company for sending these "unruly gallants" who proved not only useless to the colony but a danger to its peace. And it was these same unruly gallants who were to bring about so much tragedy and chaos later on.

The colony was unable to support itself as yet. The shipments of provisions from England were slow in coming and far from adequate to their needs. Game and fish could be obtained but rarely. Smith, at this time, wrote, "Though there be fish in the sea, fowls in the air, and beasts in the wood, their bounds are so large, they so wild, and we so weak and ignorant that we cannot much trouble them."

Pocahontas saved the lives of the colonists that winter. Throughout the cold bitter months, she supplied them with corn. Indian corn was always the food on which they depended. Her frequent visits to Jamestown meant long hard journeys. From her father's village to the white men's the distance was fifteen miles, and along the dim paths under the arching trees, she and her train of women must carry the heavily laden baskets. There can be no doubt that but for Pocahontas' unwearied devotion to the colony, and to Smith in particular, all would have perished.

Suddenly there was a change. Powhatan refused to let the white men have more of his corn, and the situation was serious. Nothing could tempt him to trade, not even the blue

beads. He seems to have realized that the white men had come, not to make a visit to his country, but to stay. More had been coming from time to time and his forests and streams would soon be theirs. Nothing could persuade him to part with his corn, and Smith said neither could anything "persuade him to starve." He would find a way to make Powhatan trade. Powhatan was a wiley old war-chief, and he sent word that he needed some men to help build him a house. Smith immediately sent 14 men to Werowocomoco, four of them being German workmen who had come with the last supply. The men went overland and Smith with about 20 followed by water, sailing in the pinnace and towing a barge for making a landing.

When they stopped on the way the first night, Smith learned from a friendly Indian that Powhatan planned to kill him. It was the middle of January, 1609, and there was a fierce blizzard with a heavy fall of snow. The river was frozen over at Werowocomoco and they had to break the ice with the barge. When they had landed, Smith took over for quarters the first house he came to, and in a short while Powhatan sent them, what must have seemed an elaborate feast, turkey, venison and corn bread. And then, the next day, he came to Smith, wanting to know when he was going away. He said he had not invited him to Werowocomoco. "Powhatan, I am surprised to hear you say you have not invited us hither," Smith replied, "You must have a short memory." The old chief evidently thought this was a clever answer for it gave him a hearty laugh.

It was a desperate game these two men were playing, though they played coolly. There followed a long duel of wits, Powhatan saying he would let Smith have corn if he would give him some swords and guns in exchange, and Smith replying that he had told him long ago that he had no swords

and guns to spare. Smith also told him that he had shown his friendship by sending men to build his house, which friendship would not be ended "except you constrain us by bad usage." Powhatan saw Smith's meaning, and promised corn within two days. Meanwhile, he tried a different tack. He said his people would not bring corn because they feared the weapons carried by Smith's party, but if these were left aboard the ship they would fear no more. Smith said, "Your people coming to Jamestown are entertained with their bows and arrows . . . we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our arms as our apparel." All this was getting nowhere and Smith played his last card, ". . . As for your hiding your provisions" he said ". . . we will not starve . . . for we have ways of finding food beyond your knowledge."

William Phettiplace and Jeffrey Abbott, members of Smith's party, made a record of all that took place during this visit to Powhatan's village, and the account goes on to the climax. When the talking was over, Smith and John Russell were alone in the house with Powhatan and some squaws. Quietly the old chief slipped out, and it was seen that a crowd of warriors had surrounded the house. Smith and Russell, drawing their swords, dashed out and charged them. The warriors, surprised by the sudden attack, scattered and fled. A little later Powhatan returned to the house with excuses for his disappearance and a present for Smith, a bracelet of Wampam. He then sent a number of his men with corn in baskets to the barge, but the tide had gone out and the barge was aground. Sending some of his men to guard the boats, Smith, with the rest, prepared to spend the night in the house. Then the door opened and Pocahontas slipped in, "Then in that dark night came (Pocahontas) through the irksome woods and told our Captain cheer would be sent us by and by, but Powhatan . . . would kill us when we were at supper . . .

with tears running down her cheeks she said 'She durst not be seen for if Powhatan should know it she were but dear'; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

Soon the supper came, as foretold by Pocahontas, venison and other dainties. Eight or ten brawny braves came with it. While his men kept their guns ready, Smith gave them a message to take back to Powhatan: "If he is coming to visit me tonight let him make haste, for I am ready to receive him."

The next morning Smith took his vessels and the corn away, but he was not yet ready to return to Jamestown. He needed more corn, for what he had would last the colony only a few days, and to get more he decided to visit the village of the Pamunkey tribe, which was at the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi rivers. The chief of this village was Opekankano, who had taken Smith to Powhatan as a prisoner. He received the party himself, and so politely as to put the Englishmen on their guard. Presently they found themselves surrounded by two hundred armed warriors. Instead of firing on them, however, Smith decided upon bold strategy. With George Percy and Francis West he rushed into the house where Opekankano was, grabbed his scalp-lock and with a pistol at his heart, forced him outside where he could be seen by his warriors. Smith then told them that no harm would come to their chief or themselves provided they traded him corn. The corn was delivered to the boats.

Percy was the brother of the Earl of Northumberland, and West the brother of Lord Delaware.

The Indians were profoundly impressed by Smith's audacious handling of their chief and thereafter held him in great admiration and awe. But Openkankano never ceased to be an enemy to the white man. Smith's prestige with the Indians was further heightened by an accident of which he took advantage to work what seemed to the savages a miracle. One



The Princess Pocahontas

of several Indians visiting Jamestown stole a pistol and hid it in the woods. All of them were locked up and told that they would be kept in jail until one of them should go out and get the pistol and return it. It was very cold and a charcoal fire was made in the jail. One of the prisoners was overcome by the charcoal fumes which filled the close place, and the others thought he was dead. Smith, after examining the prostrate one, told the wailing friends that he would restore him to life on the condition that there would be no more stealing. He let in some fresh air, rubbed the unconscious Indian with vinegar, and thus he was brought back to the world of the living. The prisoners were released and they spread the tale of Smith's supernatural power.

Another accident which occurred soon afterward helped Smith's reputation as a miracle man. A bag of gunpowder, somehow left at Werowocomoco, was being examined by a group of Indians, when it exploded, killing several. "These," wrote Smith, "and other such pretty accidents so amazed and affrighted Powhatan and all his people, that from all parts with presents they desired peace, returning many stolen things which we never demanded nor thought of, and after that all the country, became absolutely as free for us as for themselves."

Real peace was now established and Smith could devote himself to planting and building, and, also, to other matters in Jamestown. The colony had been started under a purely communistic plan. There were no women and children, no home life, and everything belonged to the community as a whole. The idle and worthless got their share of food and all else without working, and at this time the two hundred people were being supported by the labor of about thirty. There were dissensions, started by Wingfield and Ratcliffe and kept alive by their followers. Smith now put an end to this state of affairs. He called a meeting of all the members

of the colony and talked to them straight from the shoulder. He told them that henceforth he that did not work did not eat. And making his meaning clearer still, he said: "You know that I have fared like the meanest of you and that my extra allowance I have always distributed among the sick . . . whoever does not gather as much every day as I do, the next day he shall be put over the river and be banished from the fort until he either alters his conduct or starves."

There were no more dissensions and no more idling, and in a few months twenty houses were built, the fort was enlarged, and planting was carried on in earnest. Fish nets were made and a well for sweet water was dug. The James there was brackish, tide water extending as far up as the falls at Richmond.

Things were going well with the colony until a tragic discovery was made. Rats brought over in the ships had multiplied and eaten up almost all the corn in the grainery. But by trading with the Indians, eating oysters and berries, the settlers got along until their corn was harvested.

The four Germans mentioned as going with Smith's party to Werowocomoco, turned out to be traitors and thieves. Believing that the Englishmen would be slain, they deserted the party and hurried overland back to Jamestown. They said that Smith had sent them for more weapons, and getting them, returned to the village and sold them to the Indians, with whom they remained. Later, working through some of the disreputable members of the colony, they had more arms and powder delivered to them. Smith, learning that the Germans were to meet some of their accomplices at a house about a mile from Jamestown, the house he used for experiments in making glass, took a few of his men and went out to take them in, but when he reached the "glass House" they had gone. He sent his men after them, and started back to



For the Jamestown Festival the Glasshouse has been reconstructed close by the original site.

Jamestown alone. In the woods he met the chief of the Paspaheghs, a small tribe that lived somewhere in the neighborhood, not knowing that an ambush had been set for him, and that the chief's plan in joining him was to lead him toward the thirty or forty Indians. But Smith became suspicious and would not go with him. The chief then tried to use his bow and arrow, and Smith grappled with him. In the struggle both fell in the river and Smith escaped being drowned only by choking the Indian into submission. Instead of killing him, Smith decided to take him to Jamestown, where he kept him in jail as a warning to others. The Germans got back to Powhatan, who let them stay as laborers. Nevertheless, he remained friendly to the colony.

There was harmony and peace; the settlement was safe for the time, within and from without. The white men had done little more after two years of struggle than gain a foothold in this strange country. The mysterious wilderness held in its tangled depths something of sombre beauty, no doubt, and the broad river would shine for a while after the rest of the world was dark. But this was not the paradise of Virginia of which the eager adventurers had heard in London. Nor was it the profitable enterprise the London Company expected.

In the spring of 1609, Samuel Argall, afterward governor of the colony, and one of the worst to hold that office, arrived from England with messages from the company. It still had dreams of gold and silver, and complained that Smith had sent back none. It complained, too, that Smith was harsh and cruel to the Indians. Smith had not the magic powers to extract the precious metals from the earth, but he had maintained such relations with the Indians as to enable him to get some of their precious corn, without which Jamestown would have gone the ghostly way of the earlier English settlements in America.

Argall brought word that a new charter had been granted to the company, and that Lord Delaware, who was soon to sail with a great supply of provisions, would take command as captain-general of the colony.

Nine ships left England in June, 1609, but Lord Delaware did not come with them. He remained in London to continue the work of organizing and raising funds. The fleet ran into a hurricane on its way over, one ship was sunk, and another, the *Sea Venture*, was wrecked on the rocks of Bermuda. The story of the wreck of this gallant ship was published in 1610, and is said to have inspired certain passages in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. The other seven ships arrived at Jamestown in August, bringing about 200 people but only a small supply of food. Among the passengers was Ratcliffe, the implacable enemy of Smith, and with him came a vicious and unwelcome lot, of whom Smith said: "They were packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies at home." Their destinies were still ill, however, for Smith soon saw that they spent most of their time in jail. Ratcliffe immediately set about to undermine Smith's authority, and he, too, was put in jail as a disturber of the peace. This man who had done much to prejudice the London Company against Smith was shown to have been an imposter. His name was not Ratcliffe, but Sikelmore.

All the older colonists had remained loyal to Smith, and having put the trouble-makers under control, he determined to set out upon a project he had long had in mind. Jamestown was marshy and malarial, and he wanted to find a better site for a colony. In September he sailed up the river and purchased from the Indians a tract of land, near where the city of Richmond now stands. It lay on a range of hills and was so beautiful and perfectly adapted to his purpose that he named it "Nonesuch." But he was never to see the place again.

On his return trip down the river a bag of gunpowder exploded in the boat and set his clothes on fire. He jumped into the water to put out the flames, and was almost drowned before he could be rescued. He was so badly injured that upon reaching Jamestown it was seen that he required skillful surgical treatment, and that could not be had in Virginia. The ships were not ready to return, and it was several weeks before he could secure passage. He sailed for England early in October, 1609.

Whether Pocahontas visited him during his wait at Jamestown is not known, but it may be taken for granted that she did. He never returned to Virginia, but he was to meet her again, in England, seven years later.

The colony, when Smith left it, numbered about 500 people, and was well stocked with food. When Captain Newport arrived in May, 1610, only 60 people remained, and these were nearly dead from starvation. For this is known to history as the Starving Time.

Smith left young George Percy in command, but Percy was in poor health, and the situation that arose quickly got out of hand. The worthless new-comers whom Smith had suppressed, began treating the Indians outrageously. And the Indians struck back furiously. They slaughtered the settlers at every chance; they cut off their supply of corn, and they mocked and laughed at the agonies wrought by cold and famine. Ratcliffe, with thirty of his scapegrace followers while trying to trade with Powhatan as Smith had, was killed as by a single stroke of lightning. The starving colonists ate roots and acorns, and then at last came cannibalism. One man killed his wife and had salted down her body, when he was caught and burned at the stake. A skulking Indian was killed and his body was boiled and eaten. Other bodies were dug up.

One of the survivors of the horrors wrote afterward of the

loss of Smith: "Thus we lost him that in all our proceedings made justice his first guide . . . that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead himself . . . that loved action more than words . . . whose adventures were our lives and whose loss our death."

Commenting on this, Fiske says: "It is, indeed, in all probability true that losing Smith was the chief cause of the horrors of Starving Time. The colony was not ill supplied when he left it. . . . All these advantages had been destroyed by the active hostility of the Indians, which was due to the outrageous conduct of white ruffians whom Smith would have restrained or punished. But for this man's superb courage and resourcefulness, one can hardly believe that the colony would have lasted until 1609. More likely it would have perished in one of the earlier seasons of sore trial . . . and the hopes built upon Virginia in England would have been sadly dashed. The utmost ingenuity on the part of Smith's detractors can never do away with the fact that his personal qualities did more than anything else to prevent such a direful calamity; and for this reason he will always remain a great and commanding figure in American History."

Captain Newport had brought a small store of provisions and this kept the sad remnant of the colony alive until Lord Delaware arrived on June 8, 1610. He came with three well-stocked ships and a number of passengers, and this wise and humane nobleman watched over the shattered settlement until it was on its feet again.

After John Smith's arrival in England not much is known of his activities for several years, except that he wrote and worked to stimulate interest in the colonization of America. In 1614 he made a voyage of exploration to the coast of North Virginia. He made maps and surveys of the region between

Penobscot and Cape Cod, and became convinced that the country could be colonized, despite its rocky and forbidding character and the failure of earlier attempts. He then changed the name of that section from North Virginia to New England, and for his services had conferred upon him the title of Admiral of New England. In 1615 he started with the Plymouth Company and set out on an expedition to colonize New England, but his ship was captured by French cruisers and taken to Rochelle. This was some years before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock. They had left England rather than conform to the Episcopal Church, and spent a time in Holland, but they became dissatisfied there. Encouraged by Smith's writings, the Pilgrims obtained a patent under which they could plant a colony somewhere around New Jersey, but stormy weather drove the Mayflower to Cape Cod, where they landed in 1620. By that time, Jamestown having begun its struggles in 1607, had a population of several thousand, extensive plantations, and was exporting to England more than 40,000 pounds of tobacco a year; it had a democratic form of government, and plans had been made to build a university at Henrico, when the massacre of 1622 laid waste Virginia.

On his return to England, after his release in France, Smith made ready to set out on another expedition to colonize New England. But he heard of Pocahontas being in England, and did not go. She arrived with her husband, John Rolfe, on June 12, 1616.

After Smith sailed from Virginia, nothing was seen of Pocahontas in Jamestown for three years, until 1612, when she was brought there as a prisoner. She had left her father's tribe and was staying with another, the Potomac, when Captain Argall found her, and by bribing the chief to aid him, persuaded her to go aboard his ship. It was Argall's scheme to hold her as a hostage until Powhatan, whose men were



A new era in the settlers' relations with the Indians began in 1614, when John Rolfe married the Indian princess, Pocahontas.

still on the warpath, should come to terms. While she was held captive in Jamestown, John Rolfe fell in love with her. Rolfe was the first Englishman to cultivate tobacco — though Raleigh had taken some back to England much earlier — and he was one of the colony's outstanding members. He prevailed upon Pocahontas to adopt the Christian faith and she was baptised with the Biblical name of Rebecca, and in April 1614, they were married in the little church at Jamestown, with Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal of Virginia, other colonists and a small group of Indians in attendance. Powhatan then agreed to end his war on the colonists and there was peace until his death in 1622, when Opekankano, his brother, and the old enemy to the white man, led the terrible massacre at Jamestown.

Immediately upon learning that Pocahontas was in England, Smith went to see her. She was staying at Brentford. When he came into her presence, she was so overcome with emotion that she could not speak, and turned about and hid her face. When he returned several hours later, she said, "They did always tell us you were dead and I knew not otherwise till I came to Plymouth." She rebuked him for calling her Lady Rebecca, as she was then addressed by those about her.

Smith must himself have been deeply affected by this meeting with Pocahontas, for he wrote Anne of Denmark, wife of James the First, about her at once. After speaking of the time he was condemned by Powhatan to die, he says, "She hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not only that, but she prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about eight and thirty miserable, poor creatures, to keep possession of all these large territories of Virginia; Such was the weakness of the poor commonwealth as, had the savages not fed us, we

directly had starved . . . and this relief, most gracious queen, was commonly brought us by the lady Pocahontas. . . . When inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still visit us . . . when her father sought to surprise me, having but eighteen men with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods and with watered eyes gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape from his fury; which had he known, he surely would have slain her. Jamestown with her wild train she visited as her father habitation; and during the time of two or three years, she next to God was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day."

This letter to the Queen of England is an eloquent tribute to Pocahontas and proof of the place she held in a gallant heart.

It was under these circumstances that they met again, in England, these two romantic adventures had shaped the course of a new world.

Pocahontas was introduced at court, entertained everywhere, and she became the rage of London society. Her portrait was engraved by the great artist, Simon Van Pass, and an inscription on it gives her age as twenty-one. We see in this portrayal the magnificent eyes, the handsome face, but the high white ruff which rises stiffly about the neck, and the tall stilted hat, though proper for the Lady Rebecca, seem strangely false, and it leaves a longing for the lovelier vision of Pocahontas of the wild Virginia forest.

An Indian chieftain who came with Pocahontas' party was sent by Powhatan on a curious mission. The old monarch of the forest wanted to get some first hand facts about the England of which he had heard so many strange tales. Tomo-

como, his investigating agent, was instructed first to find out how many people there were in the country. For this purpose, Tomocomo provided himself with a long stick, "whereon by notches he did think to have kept the number of all the men he did see, but he was quickly weary of the task." Asked, on his return to Virginia, as to the number of people in England, Tomocomo said, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves of the trees, and the sand upon the sea-shore, such is the number of people in England."

Tomocomo had another task to perform in England. He was instructed to see God and the king and queen, and be able to tell what they looked like. He was shown the king, but could not believe that such an insignificant looking man could be the ruler of such a people. He could never understand why he was not taken to the house where God lived.

John Rolfe, having been made secretary to Jamestown, sailed in March 1617. But Pocahontas was taken ill, and died at Gravesend. She was buried there in the little parish churchyard. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, was left with an uncle in England, where he remained until he was grown, when he went to his mother's country, to become the ancestor of some of Virginia's first families, who are still proud indeed of their descent from one of America's great heroines.

1 1 1

John Smith never married. He made no more voyages; his adventures were over. His last days were spent in making maps and finishing his books. His *General History of Virginia* was published in 1624, and his *True Travels* in 1629. He died in 1631, at the age of 51, at the home of a friend, in London, penniless.

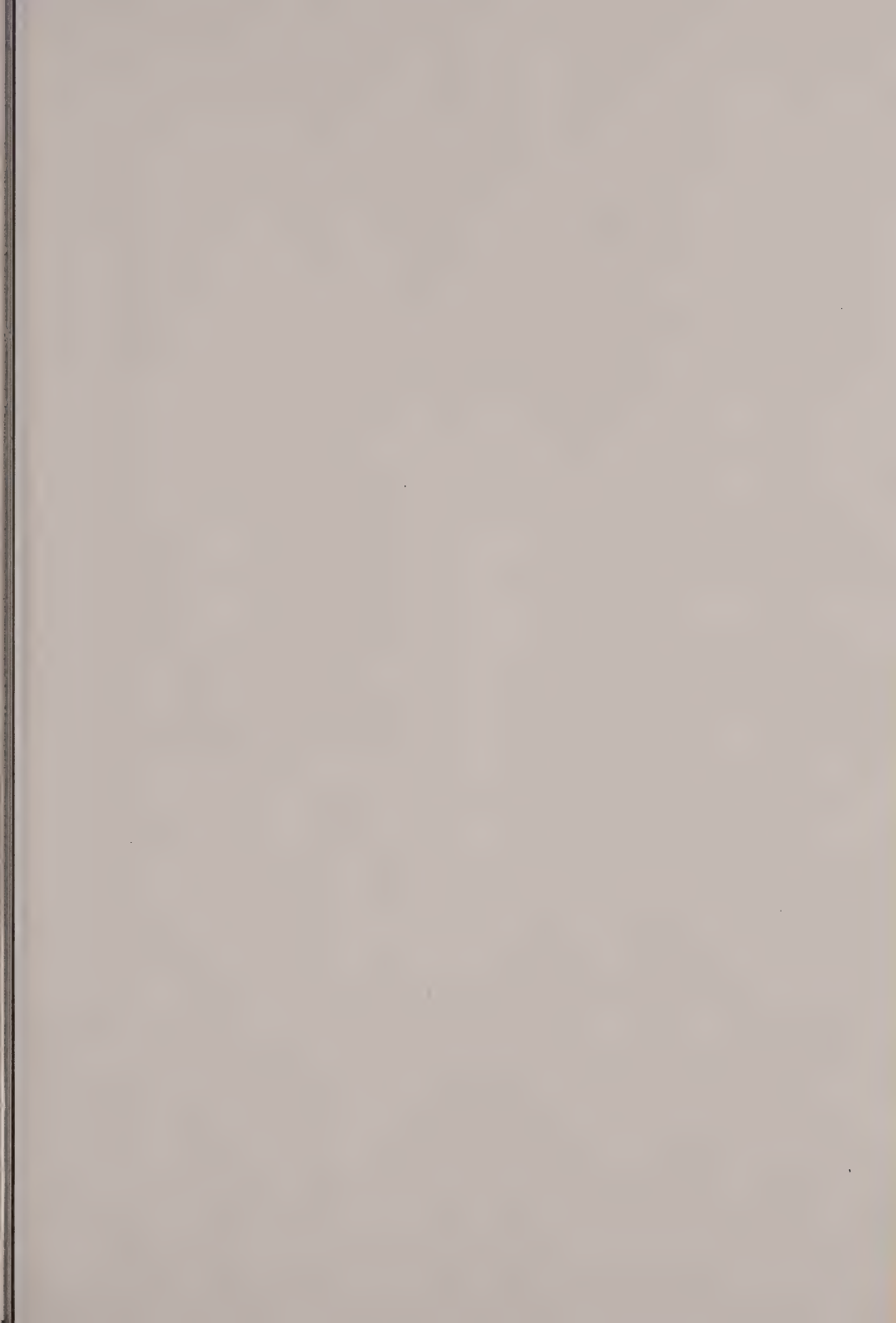


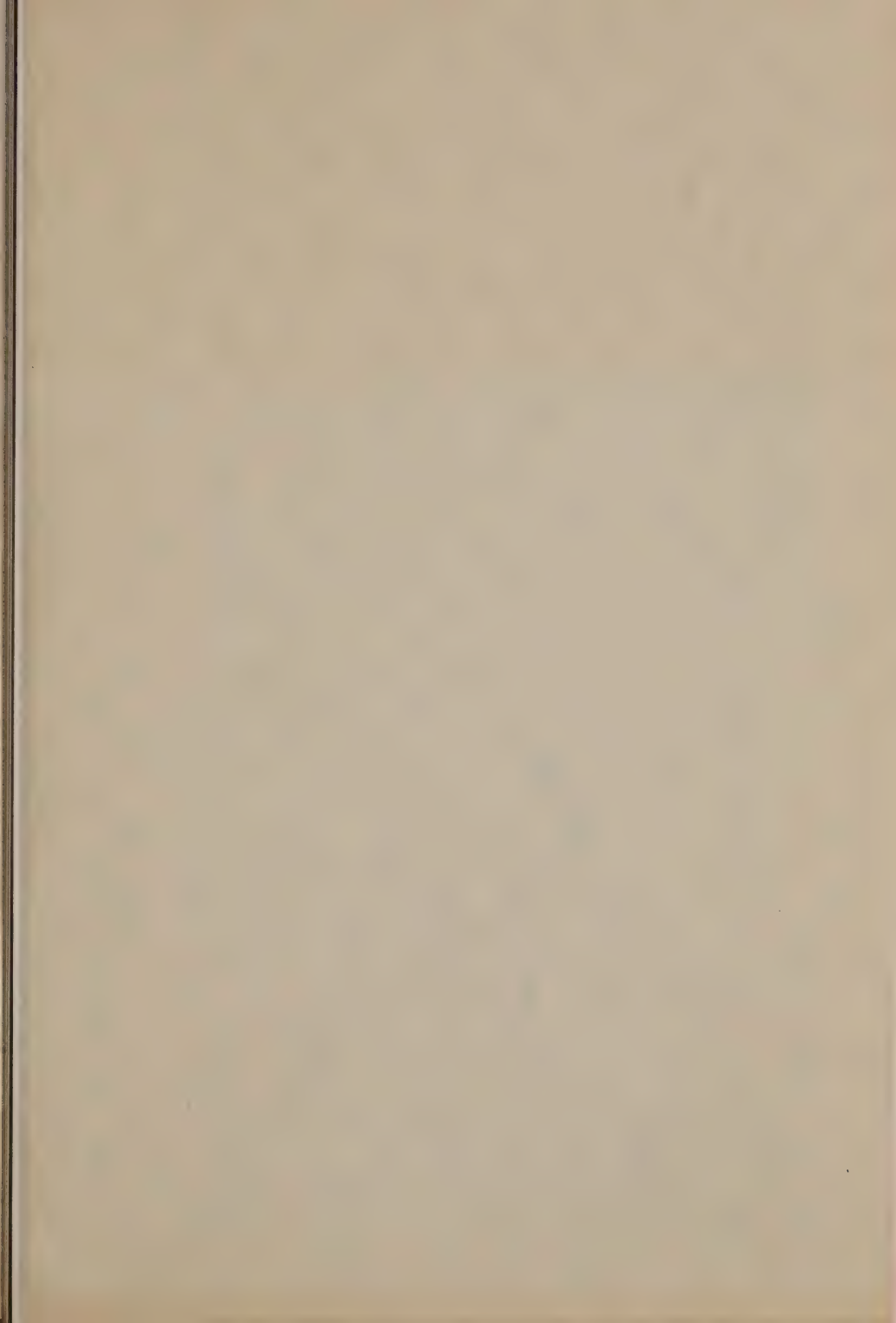
The John Smith Monument at Jamestown

It was not until 1907 that a monument was erected to Captain John Smith at Jamestown.

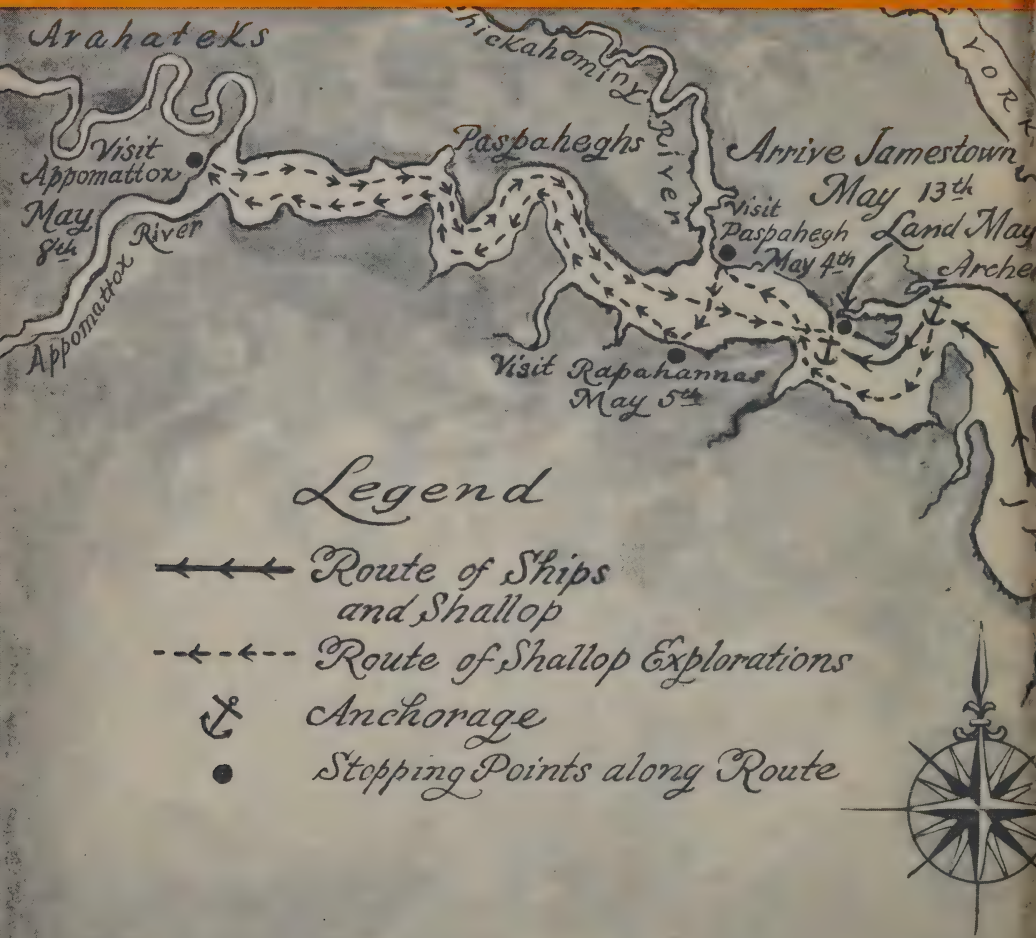
But in 1957, three hundred and fifty years after the founding of this first enduring English settlement in the New World, that great historic event will be celebrated at the Jamestown Festival, a magnificent achievement made possible by the Federal government, the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Rockefeller interests at Colonial Williamsburg, and various public spirited organizations and individuals.

So, the statue of Captain John Smith will look upon a Jamestown brought vividly to life as he knew it.





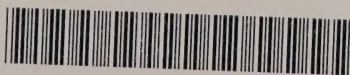
Captain John Smith





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